THE CARMELITE

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Lincoln Steffens

HIS COLUMN

Carmel-by-the-Sea is a unique place where in one week its unique citizens could see "Spread Eagle," a true play "Salome," a poetic tragedy; an open rehearsal by musicians of some real music; and—and a drawing in a raffle for a good, new Ford car at all three movie houses. And the uniquity of Carmel and the Carmelites is that there were well picked small audiences for the music, poetry and realism; there were so many people at the gamble for the car that the movie houses were all stuffed full, with lines as long as bread lines strung out into the streets and—as for cars, all the parking space for blocks and blocks was occupied. I did not know there were so many people in our pretty community as appeared with numbers in their fists, at our pretty little Golden Bough Theatre (now rented to a movie chain). It took a chance to bring us all out; a gambler's chance. And next fall we'll all come again to vote the gambler's chance out of our business and political system. The unique Carmelites will

¶

Hoover and the Republicans would keep things as they are with one exception. Roosevelt and the Democrats would change them, never so little, with one and the same exception. Prohibition is doomed. The "good people," who are "no good," are beaten. That's good. But no plan appears to achieve temperance. And that's bad. A machine age must have sobriety. The brewers and liquormen must not have the power and license they had before and during prohibition in our corrupt, corrupting economic system. They will, of course. For both parties are for the system; no change; our system stands, not on principle, but on privilege; not for liberty, but for license.

¶

"Salome," the beautiful short tragedy, showed us up there in the Forest Theater, how flowers may spring from the lowly earth. Oscar Wilde wrote it and the amateur players who played it, well, made of it something far beyond themselves. I saw them rehearse, I heard some of their comments and questions afterwards and we all know enough of the life and the character of

continued on page four

LINOLEUM CUT: MOIRA WALLACE

LAWRENCE STRAUSS, TENOR, RETURNS TO CARMEL TUESDAY EVENING AS ONE OF THE TRIO ENSEMBLE IN THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SUMMER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, CARMEL THEATRE

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Mostly About People

Gloia Stuart and Gordon Newell were in Carmel over the week-end. Gloria, recently associate editor of The Carmelite, and one of Carmel's actresses, has done four movies and is working on a fifth. She had the usual crop of Hollywood stories: how she was asked kindly to leave off her sun-glasses and never, never appear on the lot without make-up, how three hours and thousands of dollars were wasted because someone in a picture forgot to have an auto that was stalled in mud bespattered with it; how one is kept waiting fifteen hours on the set and then sent home without working. However, she sees also the possibilities of acting, and is enthusiastic. Her friends in Carmel, with hawk eyes, ready to spot any sign of "going Hollywood," found Gloria exactly as she was when she left. She still cares about acting more than she cares about the rewards Hollywood pays for acting. She may escape what Martin Flavin called the "savage tragedy" of the effect of Hollywood on young people, writers, actors, artists.

† †

Moira Wallace drove down to Hollywood with the Newells hoping to get some commissions there. She has already some acquaintances in the movie colony. Miss Wallace was planning to stay several weeks.

† †

Dr. Amelia Gates and Lucille Wallenberg of San Francisco were down over the holidays. Dr. Gates had something to say about ProbationOfficer Otis' welfare money, (one hundred forty thousand dollars) spent on the Peninsula without any accounting. It was Dr. Gates who tried to get all welfare work of the Peninsula united under one authority some three years ago. Her work and efforts were in vain.

† †

Albert Rhys Williams, author, lecturer and authority on Russia—his works include "The Russian Land," "Through the Russian Revolution" and "Lenin" —came down from Palo Alto to meet his wife Lucita and small son Rhy. (No printer's error: the small son who is called after his father, dropped the last letter himself). Lucita Williams is back in Hollywood where she is working in the movies. Rhys Williams is engaged on another book at present, and plans to come to Carmel to stay a little later. He returned from his last trip to Russia about a year ago.

† †

Seen on the beach: A well-known Carmel scientist in the clinch with a representative of Das Vaterland; Stanley Wood and Shuan O'Shea discussing—we hope—the value of Art, on the Fourth of July. Dr. R. A. Kocher walking fast along the beach with Rhys Williams. A lot of papers, a lot of banana skins, a lot of dogs, a lot of humanity. "Joy. . . is a trick in the air."

† †

The Flavins had a swell Fourth of July on their beach with playwrights children dogs scientists and firecrackers mixed in glorious melee.

† †

"Salome" and "Spread Eagle" ending on the same day the cast of the latter entertained the cast of the former at a dance and party in the Community Theatre Greenroom. When our reporter left a vitaphonic time was still being had by those left..

† †

Stanley Wood will have an exhibition of his lithographs at the Denny-Watrous Gallery beginning Monday.

† †

Melvin P. Levy of the Dreiser Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, and one of the first members of the John Reed Club of New York, spent a few days in Carmel recently. He is organizing a Western committee similar to the Dreiser committee in the East. —THE LAMPPOST

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Dolores between 7th and 8th
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SCHOOL FINANCES

Sunset School's budget for the ensuing year will be up for review at a meeting of the trustees to be held in the old auditorium of the school Friday evening, July fifteenth, at seven-thirty.

Under the law, taxpayers are privileged to protest any item in the budget.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Adjournment for the summer months was taken by the Carmel Music Society at the conclusion of a meeting held Tuesday evening at the home of the president, Mrs. H. F. Dickinson.

Plans for the coming season were discussed in general outline but definite announcement will await the resumption of the society's activities.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE SUMMER FESTIVAL

Next Tuesday evening at Carmel Theatre the Summer Festival of Music will begin its fourth season with the concert of the Artists' Trio Ensemble. Lawrence Strauss, eminent tenor and lieder singer, Charles Cooper, virtuoso of the piano, and Misha Gegna, 'cellist of international reputation, comprise the concert group.

The following is the program:

Brahms—Sonate for Piano Op. 5 in F Minor

Allegro Moderato
Scherzo
Intermezzo

Songs:

Paladilhe ——— Lamento Provencale
Paladilhe ——— Serenade
Haydn ——— Histoire de Tous les Temps
Hugo Wolff ——— Und Willst Du Deine Liebsten Sterben Sehen
Schumann ——— Auftrage
Richard Strauss ——— Zueignung
Debussy — Sonate for 'Cello and Piano in A Minor

Prologue
Serenade and Finale

Trio:

Lalo ——— Aubade from "Le Roi d'Ys"
Saint Saens ——— Concerto for 'Cello

Monterey Peninsula is familiar with the talents and careers of both Strauss and Cooper, and local music-lovers will welcome them as old friends. Of Misha Gegna, however, a few words should be said. Born in Kiev, Russia and trained from an early age in the Imperial Conservatory of Music at Petrograd, he was as a mere youth selected by the great Leopold Auer as 'cellist in his string quartet. Further intensive study in Leipzig under the master teacher of the violoncello Julius Klengel was followed by a concert tour in America just before the War. Later he toured during several seasons with Tetrazini, Caruso, Mary Garden and Tito Ruffo, in turn. Subsequently touring alone and playing as soloist with the most famous orchestras in the United States, the artist had just finished a brilliant season in Los Angeles before coming to San Francisco and associating himself in the present ensemble.

Misha Gigna's genius, expressing itself in a blending of technique and noble tone, as well as intelligent interpretation of the great works in his concert repertory, has been known for years to the Eastern music centers. Fortunately for the Pacific Coast, this artist, now in the highest maturity of his art, has determined to make his home in California. His recent San Francisco debut created a furore.

Tuesday's concert will be followed on the succeeding Tuesday by a program of outstanding Carmel artists, while the last concert of the series, on July twenty-sixth, will be that of the famous Pro Arte String Quartet, sharing with the London String Quartet the highest chamber music honors in the world.

SHELDON CHENEY ON REVOLUTION IN ART

Sheldon Cheney, founder of "Theatre Arts Monthly," and author of "A Primer of Modern Art," "The New World Architecture," "Stage Decoration," "The Theatre," and other works, will be in Carmel on Saturday next. The Denny-Watrous Gallery has secured Mr. Cheney for a "Talk-Discussion" Saturday night, and after his talk on "Revolution in the Arts," discussion will follow. Many peninsula artists have promised to be present and take part in the discussion. The admission charge will be at movie rates.

Sheldon Cheney has been so closely associated with the theatre movement and the modern art movement in New York City that it is unnecessary to elaborate on his career. The Carmel library has recently added his Primer and book on architecture to their shelves.

California is Sheldon Cheney's native state. He is the son of Mrs. May Cheney, for years appointment secretary to the University of California, and brother of Warren Cheney. Mr. Cheney returned to California last autumn after five years of study and writing in various countries in Europe. Before that he was engaged in play production in New York City.

REDFERN MASON COMING

On Saturday evening, July sixteenth, Redfern Mason, music critic of the San Francisco "Examiner," will give a talk on music in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

FOR CHILDREN

Mrs. Simeon Shaw, "chalk-talk" artist, will conduct a special class for children at Community Church next Sunday morning at ten-thirty.

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Lincoln Steffens---*continued*

the poet. Yes, and the car that was drawn at the movie was built at Dearborn and is gone to Pacific Grove.

¶

As for "Spread Eagle," Martin Flavin liked it and the performance of it. I did not ask him; he volunteered it. He approved it to the very last line. And he asked why we could not have more plays like it. We've got the players. We forget that the play's the thing.

¶

Contemplating the performance of "Salome" the other evening it occurred to me to wonder if players of such persons as the poet created ever got fixed in their parts or took on permanently the traits they displayed.

¶

"I wish the John Reed Club would make a false step; I'd like to soak it one." That was the remark with which a newspaperman expressed his admiration of the little club's next program: "Jack Black, on Penal Code Crime with Martin Flavin in the chair": an honest, a singularly honest ex-burglar and hold-up artist, retired, to be introduced by a hopelessly honest playwright, who also knows and has written about Penal Code Crime and Punishment. "It's the only kind of crime I know about," said Jack Black; he knows about business and political and social crimes no more than we do. So he sticks to what he has done himself, and done time for; what he has seen and understands. Both these different men so alike have in common intelligent integrity and the gift of expression. Together they will surely give us an insight into one kind of crime, the less important kind. The Reed Club should add one feature to its program; it should, however briefly, tell us about crime and punishment in Soviet Russia. And, of course, they will allow us to ask about the Lindbergh murder and other such recent incidents in our civilization.

¶

Jack Black will illustrate as he speaks the truth Martin Flavin knows: that any human being who digests his experience, in any line of business—banking, politics, street-sweeping, art—becomes wise, tolerant, gently humorous and lovable.

¶

A letter signed by such men as H. G. Wells, Heinrich Mann, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Albert Einstein, Bernad Shaw and Maxin Gorki says: "A new world war is imminent. In Europe, particularly in the countries bordering on the Soviet Union, feverish military preparations are taking place. . . The growth of the war industry, of munition making plants and of plants devoted to chemical warfare has reached unprecedented proportions. . . Let us not earn the shame of the apes for not having understood. . . "

These men are of the Arrangements Committee for a World Congress Against War—not statesmen, diplomats and financial politicians, but prophets, some of whom foretold the last world war. The Congress is to be at Geneva on August first this year. Americans, including Carmelites, might well take an interest in such a world meeting or in bringing up our children, our army, navy and chemical industries ready for war; or both.

¶

News from ancient Persia will soon be coming out. Archæologists are rather specializing in that original old Empire.

¶

Louisiana has a man in the United States Senate who represents some considerable part of the white people in that state; but he does not represent the privileged or the rich. He bites the senators who do like a bug. He backed a motion to limit incomes of individuals to a mllion a year, and his support took the form of an itemized demonstration that a family consisting of a father, mother, daughter and doggy could not live properly on a million; they would go $8,945 in the hole every year. He has, but he does not give his colleagues fun. His proper name Hon. Huey P. Long; and his nick-name, of course, is "Hooey." He's one of the Democrats who doesn't know he's a Republican, like so many Democrats, especially from the South, but some in Carmel.

¶

Have a letter from New York reformers inviting comment on a plan for a Citizen's Budget Committee to study government departments; costs and appropriations and give tax-payers a voice in budget making. No rank reforms these. Just taking things as they are and making the administration of existing evils more efficient. To put a "good" front on "bad" government, but that is the direction America is taking: toward what Germany and England have achieved. And Germany and England are very, very busy right now showing that an efficient, fine front to the management of a privilege oranization of society is not good enough.

¶

That man Egan, charged with murder and suspected of murders, must have pull; and he must have information. Third degrees administered to him are polite; they are not like those that drove the Lindbergh nurse to suicide. The House of Commons would understand an Egan quiz. They do not recognize the other. The third degree is a universal police practice. It's an "institution" that evolves like everything else in nature and some day ours will be as "nice" as that of the British.

¶

A shop-keeper who signed the petition to put the Communist Party on the ballot, is frightened at the number of customers who resent the signature and threaten boycott. The signers of that petition are not communists; they are liberals who were asked to let the dark red party come out from the crowded underworld into the roomy light. And with that purpose they affixed their names. That experience goes to show that there is nothing very exceptional about this community. A part of our herd is also capable of the red terror, and those were non-signers of the petition who knew when they were approached what the frightened shop-keeper knows now: that you have got to look out in Carmel as you must elsewhere. Don't wander from the herd here unless you are a hero or an independent humorist. You can be trampled in the dust. But the people who threatened signers have a chance to learn from their stupid behavior that they are just nice ordinary dubs, the backbone of society, the lower end, near the cocyx, but backbone. Wish they would threaten me; it would be comfortable to know who they are and peer into their funny faces.

¶

Carmel is improving, like business. One of our temples to art has had a dog show; and the dog shown was a movie actor, too: a big police dog trained to act under the direction of silent signs. A director of one of our companies of amateur players called the professional beast intelligent and any intelligent human can see what he meant, at any rehearsals.

Correspondence

"SPREAD EAGLE"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Satire: "A species of composition in which vice, folly, or incapacity is held up to ridicule." And *ridicule*: "To make fun of, deride." These are dictionary definitions. Nevertheless, "Spread Eagle" is called, on this peninsula, a satire. Does the play make fun of or deride one of big business's methods of making profits? Such seems to be the general opinion of the cast and of the audience and of the "critics." I wonder why this obvious misapprehension exists. My guess is that we are all too well educated; *i.e.* educated to believe that any revelation of disagreeable facts is either a falsehood (propaganda is the other word used as synonymous) or a joke (satire). In any case we educated ones appear to believe that this play couldn't possibly be what it is: a realistic and rather savagely meant exposure of actual and existing methods and conditions. The argument runs: one goes to the theatre for amusement only, doesn't one; all right, then, damn it all, we *will* be amused; "Spread Eagle" is a satire and has some clever lines and it doesn't mean anything outside the theatre and it shouldn't.

Which brings us to the most significant and in fact pivotal character in the play—the male Dumb Dora, Parkman, the ex-President's son. Without him there could be no "plot"; without millions of him there could be no government run by the large moneyed interests (remember Act I. in a Wall Street office). He is the perfect specimen of the idealistic and utterly befuddled well-educated American. The cast, the audience and the critics were all Parkmans. (Even the playwrights are touched, and seriously, by the brain disease of our business-for-profit only type of education; as, for instance, the hint dropped that *all* revolutions in Latin America are bought and paid for by North American "interests," using Nicaraugua, quite mistakenly, as an example). And who or what benefits by this inability of our charming young Parkmans to be first dumb and then cowed? I think even our best educated minds can hardly have failed to at least notice the unequivocal answer provided by the play. Still, of course, you may think, Parkman did win boss Henderson's daughter and that horrid, cynical Rosalie Kent got officially shot for seeing the hand that jerked the puppet strings.

Alas, poor Parkman. Oh, convenient young man. No wonder the wealthy trustees of our colleges feel proud of the products of their trusty institutions —thousands upon thousands of convenient young men and convenient young women, ready to caper, dance or die at the twitch of the strings which all lead back into the bank accounts of a few dozen Mr. Hendersons.

Isn't it lucky that "Spread Eagle" is only a Satire! —A. D. HOWARD

THE EYE OF HISTORY

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

It is time to explain the meaning of a few phrases. There is no need to become illiterate because we are hungry. The word "radical" comes from a Latin word meaning "root." A man called a "radical" believes in going to the root of the matter." Every demagog and orator says he does. The difference between the radical and the other kind of man is that the radical sometimes practices what he preaches. The demagog never does.

The Western bonus army marching on Washington prides itself, according to a report in the Peninsula Daily Herald, (a report worth reading, by the way) on the fact that "No radical is admitted. No radical literature is admitted." Fine. It sounds exactly as if a physician said: "I will seek to cure you. I know the cause of your disease. There is a growth. The growth can only be removed by an operation. But I will not operate. I will treat you gently, with diet. I wouldn't do anything as radical as operate."

The difference between the radical and the officer in charge of the bonus army marching on Washington is that the radical has learned the lesson of the good surgeon: sometimes an operation is the only thing that will cure the patient. The good people hoping "to bring back the return of prosperity by peaceful methods" are in the stage of the doctor of a hundred years ago. They haven't learned yet. Because of course the bonus men won't get their bonus. If they could—if there were enough sense of justice and imagination in the world to grant that—then violence, revolution, trade unionism, socialism, and all the other social movements of history that developed to assist the under-dog to get a livelihood, if not a square deal, would not have been necessary. Go back and read the story of the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt and find why God ordered Moses to lead that first, great Revolution.

Then you will understand why radicals.

Probably few Americans realize that the American Revolutionists of 1776 were as hated, feared, reviled and ridiculed as the Reds of today. Go to any source-book and read what was said about them. The English landed gentry reading about the secession of their colonists frothed at the mouth much as Captain Hynes' Red Squad does in Los Angeles when William Foster tries to speak. And the American Revolutionists have led to the D. A. R.

If one could cultivate the art of seeing the events of our own day with the eye of history, there would be more understanding, less hatred, more intelligence. and oh so much more fun, in living our lives.

History at least has a sense of humor. She must be winking now.

—WINK

FIRE-FLAGS

Now flames shall be banners.
They wave, they are flaunted—
Flags of rebellion, pennons of anger,
Driven and twisting, hollowed out by the wind—
Lashed by the shrill-cutting whips of the wind—
Tatters of banners shot out in wild reaches;
Slashing the sky with turbulent yellow,
Vermillion and orange, screaming of red;
Flames upright like boulders, threatening as crags;
As ruin of waves they lean from the slopes—
Imminent, challenging; defiance and outcry
Rousing the night with menace of havoc,
Awaiting no answer, no consent of the valley,
No compliance of mountain; firelike rebellion rises exultant,
Recalcitrant, ruthless not be curbed,
Till the path is burned clear.
Growing and bulging with power of the wind's power, its roar
Louder than wind, too loud for remonstrance,
The cries of the valley scorned into silence.

—HELEN HOYT

Jeffers Abroad

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL sends from London the following review of Jeffers' "Descent to the Dead," published several months ago by Random House New York, in a limited edition. Mr. Clark is a graduate student at the University of Dijon; his thesis will have for subject matter Jeffers and his work.

It would be no mean task to carry safely old wine from Carmel to County Antrim and there rebottle it without losing some of the original bouquet. In 1929 Robinson Jeffers broke camp at Tor House and went to revisit, for the first time since 1907, his ancestral isles. He carried with him some of his choice wine of philosophy, and here in these dozen and a half lyrics written in Ireland and Great Britain, we have the rebottling. The philosophy is nothing new to one who has read Jeffers. Preoccupied praise of death and weariness with human consciousness—two of Jeffers' favorite ingredients for a poem are again offered to the reader in new settings. The lyrics are mostly written to dead chieftains and clans, burial stones, and to the many necropolises which are scattered over the British Isles.

For some time Jeffers has been chanting the significance of the westward migration damming itself up on the shore of the Pacific. His California coast, "where hardly anything has died yet," seems doubly dear to him as he wanders under the too low sky of the Isles. At Carmel he is plagued only by the ghosts of the few dead tribes, but in England and Ireland the soil is rotten with dead, the air is thick with many ghosts and bad dreams. More than ever before, Jeffers senses the end of an epoch—the one of humanity—and calls for a speedy delivery. America may be a perishing republic, but she still shows a spark of life beside Mother England, who is as dead as a doornail!

"Descent to the Dead" reveals the author's keen sense of place. However metaphysical he may wax, Jeffers rarely fails to keep his feet firmly on earth. The poems are rich in the geography, geology, archaeology and folk-lore of the Isles, and particularly happy are the descriptions of the burial mounds A proficient stone mason himself, Jeffers notes critically basalt and limestone in place of the Carmel granite and lava. One remembers the story of how he was said to have stood at Stonehenge with tears in his eyes at not being able to take the stones home with him! As in the first volume of Carmel poems there is added a prose note on places.

Jeffers continues to play original variations on the single theme of death. The epigrammatic "*Shakespeare's Grave,*" the justly ironic "*Shooting Season in the North of Scotland,*" the words of the dead to the dead Clemenceau which make a poem to stand with the earlier "Woodrow Wilson"—these and other of the lyrics contain compressed and potent nuances. And I like the dedicatory "Shane O'Neill's Cairn," its last lines expressing the poet's reduction of things to a nilhilist simplicity.

. . . but death's nothing, and life,
From a high death-mark on a headland u
Of this dim island of burials, is nothing either.
How beautiful are both these nothings.

"*Ossian's Grave*"—lines to a prehistoric monument near Cushendall in County Antrim—is a fine poem; one of Jeffers' most eloquent, it contains these notable lines wherein he speaks of himself as poet:

. . . I also make a remembered name;
And I shall return home to the granite stones
On my cliff over the greatest ocean
To be blind ashes under the butts of the stones;
As you here under the fanged limestone columns
Are said to lie, over the narrow north straits
Toward Scotland, and the quick-tempered Moyle. But written reminders
Will blot for too long a year the bare sunlight
Above my rock lair, heavy black birds
Over the field and the blood of the lost battle.

With one exception, the poems are written in that system of unrhymed accentual prosody which, for nearly a decade, has been embraced by Jeffers. "*The Low Sky*" is, to my knowledge, his first rhymed poem since 1928. The dedicatory poem to Una Jeffers is an unrhymed sonnet. I prefer it to many of the earlier conventional sonnets, for although Jeffers has shown himself no novice at rhyme, his blank lines flow with a free and powerful enjambment that has never struck me as being peculiar to the rhymed lines.

From the point of view of poetic diction these poems are some of the best which Jeffers has written. They show no signs of hurried composition, as, in my opinion, do some of the verses in his last volume, "*Dear Judas.*" Here again Jeffers appears as one of the great contemporary masters of written English, creating poetry in a living idiom which is at once as homely as a peasant's speech and correct as a grammarian's discourse.

To one who believes with Jeffers in death as the *summun bonum*, these poems will be grist to his mill; to the followers of Christ they will be as irrtating as *Dear Judas*, for the poet restates his belief that Jesus was a tyrant who built on the weakness of men. But one who has lived in a Catholic country amid a welter of crucifixes will understand Jeffers' revulsion at the God nailed eternally to the cross.

Because the tortured torturer is too long dying;
Because the strain in the wounded minds of men
Leaves them no peace. . . .

* * *

Anl finally those who are convinced that human consciousness is the flower of the universe will find here no assenting voice. Jeffers does not budge from his previous stand as a materialistic leterminist. Nietzschean eternal recurrence once again lifts its serpent head and hisses in the poet's ear. It is

. . .time to have done
With vision, as in the world's youth with desire and deed.
To lie in the dark in the hill until the stones crumble,
And the earth and the stars suck into nothing, the wheel
Slopes and returns, the beautful burden is renewed.
For probably all the same things will be born and be
Beautiful again, but blessed is the night that has no glowworm.

Robinson Jeffers is wooing death in such tones that John Webster had best look to his laurels.

Week-End Theatricals

A recurring criticism of dramatic criticism in Carmel has been the lack of any comparative standard. Insofar as the Forest Theater and this reporter (there are no qualified "critics" now writing in Carmel) are concerned, a standard has been set. Future productions shall be judged by "Salome," even though it may involve an injustice to one or more of its eighty-two predecessors at the Forest Theater.

Those who saw "Salome" carried away a picture that will long remain; those who failed to go would not grasp the picture from reams of description. Merely as a matter of form, we apportion laurels:

Four Stars—Sibyl Leonard in the title role.

Three Stars—Charles O'Neal as John, the Baptist, a powerful yet restrained conception, consistently maintained; David Matzke, as Herod, a big part tackled in a big way; Ella Winter, as Herodias, queenly and cynical; Albert L. Van Houtte, as the First Nazarene, a small part which he made stand head and shoulders above the mob.

Two Stars—Lloyd Weer, Robert Overly, Eugene Watson, James Broughton, George McNenamin.

No Stars—The audience which failed to come the first night.

The Milky Way—To Herbert Heron, director; Charles O'Neal, assistant, and Clay Otto, designer of the set.

* * *

At the Community Playhouse "Spread Eagle," a vastly different type of play was done, and done exceptionally well when seen Saturday night. Reports have it that the first night was somewhat jerky; by Sunday night twenty minutes had been clipped from the running time. On Saturday night it was a smooth-running piece, reflecting credit on Galt Bell, director, and a hard-working cast.

The "lesson" of the play left me cold, but apparently others got it, as suggested by comments elsewhere in this issue. I was more interested in the players and recall, without program notes:

Betty Hughes' effervescence (the first time in a long time that youth has really got across the Playhouse footlights);

Chester Shepherd's caricature of a caricature of a Mexican general;

Bud Hawkins going through with his part when he should have been in hospital;

James Cockburn's likeness to a portrait of Henry Ford;

Tom Fisher's authentic hard-boiledness as an office top-sergeant;

Milton Latham's prancing swagger as a one-star general;

Mary Jepp's professional handling of a small part; and

Sam Ethridge, "headed north."

As an *expose* of whatever it was supposed to expose, "Spread Eagle" is miles behind its Carmel publicity, but it is good theatre and deserved better box-office support than it received.

—PRESS TICKET

NEXT

Dates for the Forest Theater's second production have been definitely fixed as August fifth, sixth and seventh, the play to be announced later. At the Community Playhouse, "Death Takes a Holiday" is under consideration.

CITY AFFAIRS

The regular monthly meeting of the City Council last night was adjourned without the transaction of any business to permit attendance of members at a relief mass meeting addressed by Irvin S. Cobb in Monterey. The Council will meet Friday night.

LECTURE

Jack Black, ex-convict, author of "You Can't Win," will speak at the Community Playhouse Greenroom Sunday night on "Penal Code Criminals." Martin Flavin will preside over the meeting arranged by the John Reed Club.

CARMEL PISTOL CLUB

The first meeting of the Carmel Pistol Club in the new club quarters in the Williams building was held on Tuesday evening at which time a chowder supper was served by Captain L. Johnson, Stewart Feckenthal and Jim Williams.

LOST—"BLANCO" white Persian cat. Full grown, very friendly, injured tail. Special pet of little girl. Disappeared in the neighborhood of Eleventh and Mission. Finder please telephone 717 or 844-R.

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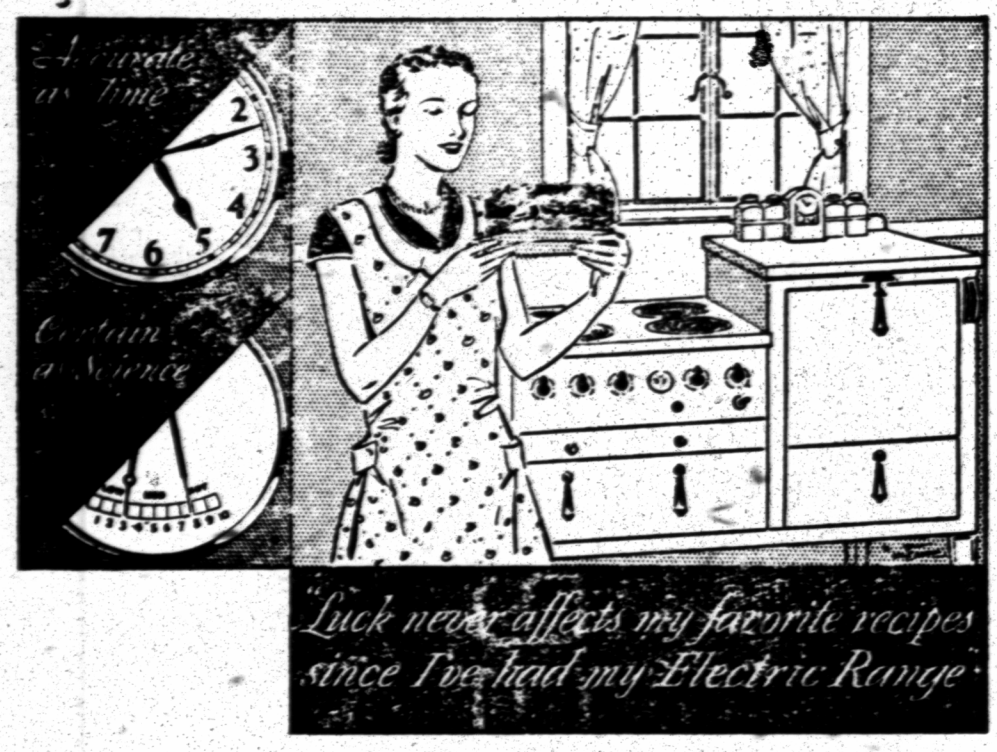

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Scissors and Paste

An editorial in the Stockton "Record:"

Today's story out of Carmel. The seaside colony thrown into an uproar by the startling revelation that some 40 prominent intellectuals and esthetes had signed the Communist party oath. Husbands and wives not speaking. Old friends giving the cold shoulder to those wearing the made-in-Moscow label. Merchants with red loyalties, as evidenced by their signatures affixed to the oath, being boycotted.

Then the mess is cleared up. Forty of the citizens, who were neither Communists nor parlor pinks, had signed a petition containing the Communist oath without taking the trouble to read it over. They signed merely because the petition was presented to them. A joke on "high brow" Carmel? Well, let not the rest of us laugh too hard. Most of us have signed petitions whose purport or provisions we did not understand. What's more, many of us will do so again before the fall elections.

* * *

From "Book Marks for Today," in the New York "World-Telegram:"

A gold medal for "the finest book by a California author to be published in 1931" has just been awarded to Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton, professor of history at the University of California, for his volume, "Outpost of Empire," issued last fall by Alfred A. Knopf. The medal is one of three offered annually by the Commonwealth Club of California to encourage and recognize the highest literary merit in books by California authors. At the same time two silver medals identical in design were awarded to William Gibbs McAdoo for his reminiscenses, "Crowded Years," and to Lincoln Steffens for his autobiography.

* * *

"C. K.," Columnist of the Modesto "News-Herald:"

Readers everywhere have seen many a time the declaration that Thomas Mooney is "a martyr to Labor's holy cause." The true laboring man who knows the facts holds no such view—especially the laboring man in California.

In Lincoln Steffens' department in a recent *Carmelite*, he wrote of a visit paid to Carmel by Fremont Older; and he continued:

> Older told the story of his visit with Clarence Darrow to the dynamiters in San Quentin. They saw Tom Mooney. A remark of Older's was that, "If Labor were for Mooney, he would have been free long ago."